

The Populace in the Hotel de Ville of Paris.

The London Times correspondent says: "As I was hurrying off from the Chamber to the Hotel de Ville to hear the Republic proclaimed there, a French gentleman asked me to give him a seat in my cab, as he could not find his own. He was, fortunately for me, one of M. Gambetta's friends, and to show his gratitude for the ride, he got me admission to the Hotel de Ville among the first who entered it. As we almost burst in through one of the side entrances, everybody keeping his legs in the general rush forward with no little difficulty, we suddenly found ourselves confronted by an officer and a company of the line. The situation looked decidedly critical. It was highly probable that the officer, in the general confusion of the day, had no orders to admit M. Gambetta, and had the military instinct very strong in him he certainly had men and Chassepots enough to make the entry difficult, to say the least. Happily he was a politician as well as a soldier, and he warmly welcomed the representative of the new Government, who in return kissed him on both cheeks, and declared him, (as I understood) a soldier of the Republic. The officer was kissed by as many as could at the moment get at him, and then a rush was made upstairs to the principal room. M. Jules Favre shortly made his appearance, and I am told that he proclaimed the republic, (which was shortly afterwards proclaimed again from the balcony below to the immense throng who positively flooded with a sea of faces the open space in front of the Hotel de Ville), but not one word did I hear of what he said. The indescribable confusion and noise—occasioned by everybody jostling to get near the speaker, and imploring every one else to keep quiet—made him perfectly inaudible. A singular incident at first stopped his speech. Immediately above his head, behind him, was a portrait larger than life, of the Emperor on horseback; a forest of clinched fists, furiously outstretched towards it, made the orator at last comprehend that his audience would not tolerate the portrait. Nobody seemed at first to know what to do with it, until a soldier actively climbing up, succeeded with a comrade's help, in hanging a curtain, torn from one of the windows, completely over it. This felicitous compromise was loudly applauded by many of the audience, but it did not satisfy all. No sooner had M. Jules Favre left the room than a Garde National clambered up and began with his bayonet furiously stabbing away at the Emperor, carefully selecting the vital parts. Another Garde joined him, and together they contrived, stimulated by the cries of the crowd below, to destroy the picture and frame entirely, throwing down the fragments of canvas and gaily, for which a scramble, almost ferocious in its eagerness, went on until not a scrap was left. A bust of the Emperor narrowly escaped a similar fate, but thanks to the exertions of a few sensible and courageous men, the compromise was accepted which was refused in the case of the Emperor's portrait, and the bust was carefully covered up. But for this childish vandalism, which I am sorry to say, has been extended to the streets, not even the smallest medallion of the Emperor or Empress being allowed to remain above a shop front, nothing could have been better than the behavior of the people in the Hotel de Ville. They many of them belonged to the lowest class, men to whom a bit of gift or velvet, even if it fetched but a few sous, was a temptation; they were in the wildest state of excitement, all full of rage against their recent ruler and yet they attempted neither to plunder nor destroy. They had the handsome rooms of the Hotel de Ville at their mercy, and it was amusing to see gamins of the lowest class lounging ostentatiously in the most luxurious attitudes upon cushions soft enough for an Emperor's head. I saw one boy carefully removing the cover of one splendid sofa he had selected, as if resolved to make the most of his unwatched magnificence. You will hear from others about the political temper of the people, and their unshaken faith in their inviolability and power to overthrow Prussia, now that they have a Republic. Perhaps the most marvellous and one of the finest features in to-day's exhibition was the absence of despondency. They could scarcely have been more cheerful and confident if it had been Prussia that had just lost a decisive battle, and her army of 80,000 prisoners. My belief is that they are prepared to fight, hoping to overwhelm Prussia by sheer force of numbers, and when one thinks how powerless, in these days of arms of precision, would be the heaviest army of raw recruits against such discipline and organization of Prussia, one can only hope that European diplomacy will not look calmly on at the frightful massacre that must result from this prolongation of the war."

A Fashionable Wedding.

BY MISS SKINKLE.

Mr. Morris—Fashionable circles are at present in a flutter of excitement over the approaching marriage of Miss Hortense Juliana O'Brien Esq., the eminent onion vender, and the Hon. Solomon Isaacs, of the enterprising firm of Isaacs & Sowerth, the great coat-dyeing house on Salem street. The marriage will probably take place as soon as Mr. Isaacs can negotiate for a loan of money of sufficient dimensions to pacify the clergyman. The bride's trousseau exceeds anything of the kind ever worn in the United States or Chelsea, and the bridegroom will be got up perfectly regardless of his creditors, with a bouquet of artificial flowers in his button-hole, and an unreciprocated lover's bill in his left-hand vest-pocket. There will be a splendid assemblage of groomsmen, and no end of groomswomen, to say nothing of carriage grooms.

The ceremony will be performed at the church of the Maculate Reception, the pew of which will be taken out to accommodate the immense train of the bride's wedding gown, which is the longest train ever manufactured. It is longer than a baggage train with a passenger car attached, or G. F. Train on woman's rights.

This immense train will be supported by an enormous basket larger than the basket of the whole crowd.

Upon reaching the church the bride party will pair off according to agreement, and the bride will advance fearlessly up the aisle with an expression that means business, leaning upon the coat sleeve of her groom. She will exhibit no especial emotion until she reaches pew No. 73, where a beautiful blush will steal over her cheeks, her brow and finally fetch up on her right cheek, where it will remain during the ceremony.

The bridegroom will wear his Sunday clothes, and has received private instructions to hold up his head and look as well as he can.

The bride's father will give her away with the most undignified generosity, and the bridegroom's mother will invariably resolve to make it as uncomfortable for her as possible. The responses will be whispered into the ear of the minister, to prevent disturbing the listeners, who are requested to remain seated during the ceremony and as much longer as they see fit, being sensible that as often as they can afford to. The church

will be gorgeously decorated with artificial flowers, filling the air with a rare and delicate perfume, and any person indulging in more than two smells will be considered decidedly unwise in their origin. The flowers will afterwards be sold to feed the ushers.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the choir will sing "Tell me dearest how do you feel?" to be followed by a sparkling dirge upon a brass drum stationed at the back door. The bride will sweep out of the church with a haughty air, and enter the hack, after which the bridegroom will put on his every-day clothes and go to work as though nothing had happened.

They have been looking at an assortment of bridal tours with the intention of taking one, but even the smallest-sized one costs a good deal. Don't say anything about this for the world, for it was told me in confidence by a party who promised not to tell. Of course I don't care who knows it, if they only keep it to themselves.

It is not generally known that the Rev. Theophilus Thingamy, who performs this ceremony is in failing health, attributed to his arduous labors in preaching two sermons a month and calling assiduously on the wealthy members of his congregation. In consideration of this fact his congregation have made him a new year's gift of \$2,000 to enable him to go to Europe. He was much overcome when the presentation was made, he having known of it only forty-eight hours. He wept as much as three quarts and a pint of tears. Almost a gallon, you perceive.—Boston True Ring.

The Special Telegram Humbug.

Franklin gives the following account of the battle of Sedan, which he received by cable from "his special correspondent." The account is quite as trustworthy as some others which have been foisted upon the public:

It was a still, calm night, the glorious moon was sailing through the sky; the river was running water; the clouds were cloudy; the soldiers were soldiering. I stepped out of my tent and stumbled over Von Moltke. He took my arm and invited me to the tent of the Crown Prince.

"Moltke," said I, "what's your little game?"

"Penny ante," replied he.

"Yes, Moltke," added I.

"You are a French spy. Ha! ha!" said he, grasping my collar. "Ho! ho!"

"Don't do that," added I.

"Then you're Dutch," sighed he, dropping me like a pair of hot tongs.

In the tent we found the King, the Crown Prince, Gen. Steinmetz, Gen. Sheridan, and Gen. Forsyth.

"Moltke," said I, "introduce me to the King."

"Bill," said he, "this is Jenkins."

Bill held out his foot and I took a suck at his grates.

Then we went at the game. Bill is pretty good at it, but then he doesn't stand any chance beside Moltke. The Crown Prince lost at least fourteen cents, and, just as he had a splendid opportunity to retrieve his losses, Moltke, an ally, who announced that the French had fled.

"Where?" cried Von Moltke.

"At Sedan," replied the ally.

"I knew it," said Moltke. "Bill, I told you they had no horses for a regular carriage."

Then we went out. The King invited me to sit in his carriage with Moltke and Sheridan. We reached the scene of war.

The moon shone; the mountains were mountainous; the trees were trees; and the soft September breeze was breezy. Bismarck came up and asked the King to let him cut behind.

"Bill," said I, "take my seat; I'll take a trip to the French camp."

So I tripped over to the French camp, and found things somewhat mixed. The moon shone. Steadily the Prussian troops advanced; and with a heroic worthy of a better cause, the French retreated. The Emperor went to die in the rear of his men.

"Nap," said I, "you'd better get up and get the Prussians coming."

"Jenkins," said he, "kiss me for my mother, I'm betrayed."

"Why didn't you have more chesspots?" said I.

"I'll surrender," said he, "get out a white flag."

So I took one of Eugene's old pocket-handkerchiefs which I found in the tent, stuck it on the end of the silver of the emperor of his nose, put Nap in the carriage, jumped in myself, and drove to the Prussian camp. The moon shone; all nature snail; the rivers were rivers; the Sedans were chairy.

"Nap," said Bill, "is the game up?"

"Bill," said Nap, "you've scored the game. I leave my old clothes to the Regent. I hope she'll like the breeches."

Then he trotted to cigarettes, and we all went back to our game of penny ante. Nap wouldn't join us. He said he'd just been playing a game with crowns and he was busted. We'd hardly got the cards dealt, when Bill turned to Bill and asked, "I say, Bill, won't you run over and telegraph to the old woman something about our Fritz?"

"Let Jenkins go," said Bill.

Of course I assented to the proposition.

"Where the devil is Fritz?" said Bill.

"Oh, he's been sleeping for the last two hours," said Moltke.

"Never mind," said Bill, "telegraph a victory to Fritz."

So I telegraphed: "A great victory has been won by our Fritz. What great things have we done for ourselves! We'll keep it up, old woman."

(Signed) BILL.

When I reached the tent everybody was asleep. Nap was reclining gracefully on the breast of Bismarck, affectionately as if they were brothers-in-law. The moon shone; the sky was sky; the hills were hilly; and all nature was getting up.

Anybody who says the above did not come over the cable line, wisely, maliciously lies, with intent to deceive. As soon as Jack Smith's smack sails, I'll send you a piece of the cable it came over.

GAMBETTA AT TOURS.—M. Gambetta issues a proclamation to the people of the department. After reviewing the position at Paris, and showing the preparations made by the Government for months to maintain themselves, he says: "The situation imposed upon us great duties. First of all, it is for you to cease to be diverted by any proclamation which may not be the war-combat of a nation. The second is, until peace comes, to accept freely the authority of the Republic—a power proceeding from necessity and right, and a power which would not exist a moment were it exercised for profit or any ambition. There is but one passion, but one thought, to rescue France from the abyss into which monarchy has plunged her. This makes the Republic, which has been well founded, and which affords shelter to the conspirators and reactionists. So, therefore, I have to demand of you, abandoning other affairs, and without taking account of the difficulties and the obstacles which are to be overcome, to co-operate with all your unrestrained energy, in repulsing the evils of the situation."

The time is short in which to supply the actual force all it has lost by delay. Men are not wanting; delay it is which has wrought defeat. Now come resolution and decision; and it is in the execution of these projects that the Republic makes an appeal to the confederation of all. This government takes upon itself the duty of utilizing your courage, of employing all your capacity. It is as a tradition to arm our young leaders. While we do this the heavens will cease to favor our adversaries. The rains of autumn will come, and lingering around the capital, the Prussians far from their home, alarmed, harassed by our armed population, will be decimated by our arms. By fact and by nature it is not possible that the genius of France shall be clouded forever; that a great nation will allow itself to make a place under the domination of 300,000 men. Let us then rise up on mass and let us die rather than submit disgracefully to dismemberment. Through all our disasters, and under the stroke of ill fortune, there remains for us the sentiment of the unity of France and the indivisibility of the Republic. Paris asserts again, and most gloriously, that immortal motto which also calls upon all France: *Vive la Nation! Vive la République Indivisible.*

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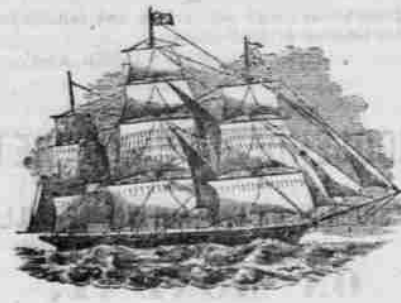
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